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TO THE PUBLIC,

ALIAS

THE "SWINISH MULTITUDE"

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O YE factious, ſeditious and diſcontented crew, will you never believe that you are *happy*, when no more than a *bare belief* is requiſite to make you ſo?—Infatuated mortals! are you determined, like Lovegold, to "*feel, feel, feel*, and *touch, touch, touch*," before you will allow your happineſs to be real? Dreadful obſtinacy! how unacquainted are you with the wonder-working powers of *imagination!*—Can you not believe that your hunger, and thirſt, are gratified, unleſs you *eat* and *drink?* Can you not believe that you are cloathed and warm, unleſs you are *covered* from the inclemency of the ſeaſon?—O, what political unbelief is this?—To what then muſt your wiſe legiſlators have recourſe? they have bawled to you till their lungs are jaded: they have written to you till words are exauſted, and ye ſtill obſtinately continue to be *unhappy*. What! will you not believe the King himſelf, and all the Royal Family! nor believe the Prime-Miniſter, the *Privy*-Council, and all the Biſhops! the Judges, Counciſſors, and Lawyers! the Borough-mongers, the Placemen, and all the Penſioners! the Dukes, the Earls, Marquiſſes, the Barons, the Knights; the Lords in Waiting—of the Bedchamber—of the Stole—and, of the Golden Stick! the Commanders by Sea and Land; the Commiſſioners and officers

ficers of all the great HOUSES! the Magiſtrates and Juſtices, the Lord Mayor of London, the Archbiſhop of Canterbury, and Mrs. Jordan; the Duke of Brunſwick, the Duke of Richmond, and all the Veſtrymen and Pariſh Officers!!——Deluded multitude! here is a collection of the *happieſt* creatures in the world, united together to perſuade you that you are extremly *happy*, and yet you give no credit to what they may either *ſay* or *ſware!* O ſhocking ſtupidity! they will then cure you of your Malady by a different proceſs; the tower ſhall be furniſhed with ſolid argument, a Military Syſtem of Animal Magnetiſm ſhall be adopted—you ſhall be thrown into a *Criſis*, and kept there till you confeſs you are exceedingly *happy!*—Think, befotted creatures! how much money is now expending to perſuade you that you are happy! on *Fortifications*, on *Proclamations*, on *Newſpapers*, at *Taverns* and *Committees*, as much as would liberate all the Inſolvent Debtors in the four counties! Think, think, I ſay, and be perſuaded you *are happy*, for you muſt pay all the Reckoning!

Again, how will you be able to reſiſt the irrefutable logic of *Muſquetry* and *Artillery*? or, how will you be able to deny you are HAPPY, when the *ſword* is pointed to your breaſt? recollect how ſucceſsfully Mahomet argued this way: and believe you are happy in *this* world, leſt they ſilence your murmurs by ſending you into the *other*, to ſearch for happineſs! But, alas! you are a banditti of incorrigible Heretics; I know you will not *believe* you are *happy*, although the Holieſt Man of Canterbury were to declare it to you on his marrow-bones!

But let me, for a few moments, direct your attention to the great ſource of all your happineſs; to the moſt *glorious* and *happy Conſtitution*; Take a view of each well conſtructed ſyſtem in each department of government: and you may be aſtoniſhed at the ſcene thrown open before you! the whole is a Paradiſe of Delights!

Look into the STATE!——'Tis' true it has its *corruptions* and *defects*, as *poor Edmund* ſays, and you muſt peep at them with *due caution*——But, ſee your *Liberties* defended, your property protected, by men of the moſt *unſullied virtue*. The great Treaſury of the Nation, which is accumulated from YOUR *hard labour* and induſtry, is entruſted to *Integrity* itſelf; and diſtributed with the

the moſt *ſcrupulous exactneſs*, on the pure principles of the RIGHTS OF MAN. The moſt favourite *Penſioner* cannot finger a guinea till he has *earnt it*; nor has the moſt exalted man in office a *ſhilling more* than his *merit* entitles him to. What is £. 4000 per annum to one *great man*, for introducing another great man to kiſs a THIRD Great Man's Hand?—'tis cheap as dirt! Nay, it is worth half the money to ſee them at work!—In time of war you pay double taxes; and is it not neceſſary the expences of war ſhould be defrayed?—in time of peace you alſo pay double taxes, to *defray the expences of peace*. Ye ſenſeleſs ideots! theſe and ſuch like things, *conſtitute* the chief *glory* of the STATE!!

Look again into the Law; the ſcene ſtill brightens before you!—ENGLISHMEN! you have the *cheapeſt market for Juſtice* in the whole univerſe. How happily adjuſted are the laws between *debtor* and *creditor!* no unneceſſary *delay* attends the action; no *anxiety* of mind between the contending parties; no *neglect* of buſineſs; no *extravagant* expences; O, what a glorious purchaſe of *parchment* and *ſtamps* do you make here! with what *compoſure* do you look forward from *term* to *term!* In the hands of *mercy* and *juſtice*, what can you fear! nothing in the final deciſion of the court to ruffle your ſpirits, or break the repoſe of your family! like fat oyſters ye are *gently* opened and ſeperated, that the *happy ſtuff* which lies between, may be applied to enrich the glorious *Conſtitution*.

And now take a view of the Church! and ſee the angelical life of the holy Prieſthood; here is Paradiſe regained!—by divine Permiſſion; here is Heaven itſelf let down upon earth! an aſſemblage of all the *graces* and *virtues* which dignify and adorn human nature—how equally proportioned is the hire to the labourer! no lazy Biſhops, no ſinecure places, no diſſipated Prieſts, no *ſtarving Curates*—O no! no—Juſtice, temperance, truth and brotherly love, animate and prevade the whole: here is a *ſcourge* for the wickedneſs of men in high life, and *conſolation* for the miſeries of the poor—here is religion taught by the *beſt maſters* with able aſſiſtants, on the moſt *reaſonable terms!* a little entrance money only is required; marrying, chriſtening, confirming, viſiting, and burying, almoſt for an old ſong; and tythes exactly according to circumſtances!——Thrice *happy* and *glori-*

ONS

ous Conſtitution!!! we are loſt in the contemplation of thy *manifold* bleſſings.

Hear then, ye "SWINISH MULTITUDE!" the Stateſmen at Whitehall, the Judges on the Bench, all the Pariſh Officers in the Nation, their Dependents and Expectants proclaim aloud that ye are HAPPY! And who ſo competent to judge of your *happineſs?* Beware of that fatal error of judging for yourſelves. What! think for yourſelves! O let me intreat, nay, let me inſiſt upon it, that you never think of *thinking for yourſelves*; for the more you *think*, the more you will differ from theſe *wiſe and happy* men in your way of thinking: think alſo how many *mild happy and glorious Conſtitutions* have been ruined by men *thinking for themſelves!* Let your betters therefore think for you; becauſe it ſtands to reaſon they muſt think *beſt*; and if the phantom ſhould again ſeize your brain, and tempt you to conceive you are not *happy*, you muſt petition the *happy Conſtitution* to furniſh you with ſome *patent engines, pullies* and *ſcrews*, whereby you may at any time wind up your imagination to their pitch, dance to their muſic, and be as happy as themſelves.*

Crede quod habes, et habet,

ſaid Eraſmus; with this word of advice I take my leave; without flattering you, courting your patronage, or ſaying a ſingle word about the merit of our ſuperior bliſs.

R. THOMPSON.

THE ORIGIN OF KINGS.

A FRAGMENT.

——— WHEN Time was young,
And Earth was clad in Nature's rudeſt garb,
Dark tangled foreſts, deſerts vaſt and drear,
Wild heaths, and reedy lakes, and ruſhy fens;
When freſh and vigorous from th' Eternal hand,
Man trod the rough domain; himſelf as rough;
The buſ'neſs of his life to propagate,

To

To draw nutrition, and to keep at bay
Inſtinct's ferocious ſwarms; then the wide world
Was but a huge eſtate, Heav'n the prime Lord,
And all mankind his equal tenantry:
No power was known, ſave that which Nature owns—
Paternal ſway—Clad in the ſpoils of brutes,
And unreſtrain'd as is the mountain's blaſt,
Dauntleſs and firm the ſturdy ſavage roam'd,
His family a ſtate, himſelf a chief.
Water, wild fruits, and animal repaſts,
Compos'd his worldly good; with theſe in view,
On the rough margin of ſome ſtream or lake,
Begirt with matted brakes and foreſts tall,
He rear'd, with unſkill'd hand, his wattled ſhed,
Around him, nimble as the bounding roe,
His naked offspring play'd. Time brought deſires,
And from deſires which to repreſs, was ſin,
Full many a progeny ſoon frolick'd round——
Affection filial, fondneſs for the ſeat
Of all their youthful gambols, and the dread
Of climes leſs bounteous, fix'd him to the ſoil,
The patriot fire now glimmer'd; ſmaller tribes,
Lur'd by the hopes of plenty, or induc'd
By love of ſocial intercourſe pour'd in;
And by their ardent youth were ſoon made one,
Thus congregated man, and thus wild waſtes,
The haunts of ſhaggy tribes, were ſprinkled o'er
With many a human dwelling. Settled now,
Man's wond'rous faculties began to ſhoot.
For Heav'n, who plac'd him midſt this warring ſcene,
Unarm'd and void of cov'ring, gave him pow'rs
Superior far to all that brutes poſſeſs;
Gave him by his own efforts to improve:
Hence came the jav'lin, and the furry garb,
And all that poliſh'd regions now enjoy.
Each fire was ſtill the ſov'reign of his ſhed,
And all internal bick'rings might compoſe.
But, when contention 'mongſt theſe very fires,
Uncheck'd by pow'r ſuperior, rear'd his head,
All then was wild confuſion. Hence 'twas found,
That man i' th' ſocial ſtate lack'd more controul,
Than could from patriarchal rule proceed.
But who might ſay what this controul ſhould be?
At length this grand, yet ſimple point t' adjuſt

'Neath

'Neath ſome huge tree, by general conſent,
(Girt with deareſt relatives, who ſtood
In mute amaze) the village Fathers met;
And with bold actions, metaphoric ſpeech,
And dauntleſs mien, pour'd forth their honeſt ſouls.
'Twas genuine Nature all. A few ſtrong laws
The infant ſenate fabricated ſoon,
Which ſhew'd the ſires all emulous of good;
For each ſtrong law, however rude, was fram'd
As laws ſhould e're be fram'd, like yon bright orb
To ſhed no PARTIAL influence. All were bound—
All by the ties which they themſelves had made,
Were bound alike, and therefore all enjoy'd
Man's deareſt, nobleſt bleſſing——LIBERTY.——
As every family its chief poſſeſs'd,
And as their various families might now
Be deem'd but one; at the ſame time, perchance,
To be their common Father, Guardian, Friend,
And to enforce their EQUAL laws, ſome ſire,
For wiſdom and for manly proweſs fam'd,
Was rais'd by free election 'bove the reſt,
And cloath'd whilſt thoſe who rais'd him ſhould think meet,
With the fair robe of delegated power.
Such was the Origin of Kings. At firſt
The wiſe elective magiſtrate; but now,
Too oft, the weak hereditary ſcourge
Of half a groaning world. With ſlender wing,
Along the ever-rolling, ſtream of Time;
Thus like a twittering ſwallow, have I ſwept,
Touching on nought, ſave ſome protruding capes
Too obvious to be miſs'd; the earth's rude face.
The natural ſtate of man, his ſocial days,
And ſenates, laws, and regal rule how form'd.
From theſe bold capes, to long but little known,
The philoſophic eye will clearly ken
Theſe ſimple truths which the wide world ſhould know;
That God made man, that man made Laws and Chiefs:
But that nor God, nor man, ne'er form'd thoſe rods,
Call'd ARBITRARY KINGS.——

HUMAN DEBASEMENT.

A FRAGMENT.

——————IN early days,
If Kings were made by men, and that they were,
The light of Nature clearly ſhows,
How comes it then, that Earth is fill'd with ſlaves?
How comes it then, that man, this reaſoning thing,
This being with ſuch faculties endow'd,
This being form'd to trace the great Firſt Cauſe,
Through many a wond'rous path; how comes it then
That he in every clime, ſhould cringe, ſhould crouch,
Should bend th' imploring eye, and trembling knee,
To mere ſelf-rais'd Oppreſſors—Heav'ns! to think
That not a tithe of all the ſons of men
E're kiſs'd thy ſacred cup, O Liberty!
To find where-er imagination roves,
Millions on millions proſtrate in the duſt,
Whilſt o'er their necks, with proud contemptuous mien,
Kings, Emperors, Sultans, Sophies, what you will,
With all their pamper'd minions ſorely preſs,
Grinding God's creatures to the very bone.
Yet man ſubmits to all! he tamely licks
The foot uprais'd to trample on his right:
He ſhakes his chains, and in their horrid clank
Finds melody; elſe, why not throw em, off?
Seven hundred millions of the human kind
Are held in baſe ſubjection, and by whom?
Why, ſtrange to tell, and what futurity,
As children at the tales of witch or ſpirit
Will bleſs themſelves to hear, by a ſmall troop
Of weak capricious deſpots, fiends accurs'd
Who drench the earth with tides of human gore,
And call the havock, GLORY! Britons, yes!
Seven hundred millions of your fellow-men,
All form'd like you the bleſſing to enjoy,
Now drag the ſervile chain. Oh! fie upon't!
Twere better far within the clay-cold cell
To waſte away than be at ſuch a price!
Poor whip-gall'd ſlaves. Oh! 'tis Debaſement all!
'Tis filthy cowardice, and ſhews that man
Merits too oft by his degenerate deeds

The yoke that bends him down. Power's limpid ſtream
Muſt have its ſource within a people's heart:
What flows not thence is turbid tyranny;
Rank are the deſpots' weeds which now o'er-run
This ample world, and choke each good's growth;
But, that the ſoul-warping thing, call'd Man,
Might ſo extirpate ſo foul a peſt,
Would he exert thoſe powers which God has given
To be the means of good; and what more good,
More rational, nay, more approaching Heav'n,
Than the ſtrong joys which flow from Freedom's ſont,
Yon radiant orb, vaſt emblem of the Pow'r
Who form'd him, beams alike on all mankind;
The air, which like a mantle girts the world,
Is to a common good; and even ſo,
With ampleſt bounty Liberty is given
To man whate'er his tint; ſwarthy, brown, or fair;
Whate'er his clime, hot, cold, or temperate;
Whate'er his mode of faith, whate'er his ſtate,
Or rich, or poor, great Nature cries—BE FREE,
How comes it then, that man neglects the call?
Nay like the callous felon, chuckles loud
Amidſt [illegible]
Who made man free, both mind and body free,
And gave him reaſon as a ſentinel
To guard the glorious gift? can he be pleas'd
To ſee his rich donation caſt away,
Or part with inattention, as not worth
Th' acceptance of his creatures? NO! my friends!
Whate'er God gives, he gives, to be enjoy'd,
But not abus'd, and the mean wretch who 'neath
A tyrant's feet this precious jewel throws,
Spurns the vaſt Power who plac'd it in his hands.
How comes it then, that minds are thus abas'd,
That man, though Nature loudly calls, BE FREE,
Has clos'd his ears againſt her, and become
A mean, a grov'lling wreteh! Why, thus it is,
O Superſtition! thou who point'ſt to man,
And call'ſt the fragile piece a demi-god;
Yes, thou who wand'reſt o'er the world, array'd
In pure Religion's mantle; thou whoſe breath
Conveys thoſe potent opiates to the brain
Which brings on reaſon's ſleep; O dark brown'd fiend,
All, all theſe works are thine!———

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